

Viceroy Resigns, Rumor
LONDON, March 26.—It is rumored



CHICAGO, May 19. — Before the death of his son, Sammie Lwin Rose, member of the Flyin' ot boy band, expressed his readiness to go to any length to save her son. The father of the youth was killed in the World War. He was an Austrian sol-

If you have not obtained a ticket you are cordially invited to attend.

Wright-Metzler Company
 Bell 500. N. Pittsburg Street. Tri-State 555.

other means to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly
decided. The drug should not be a part to it. Children who will
need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to
dose them with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the
signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Westmoreland Den. to Meet.
GREENSBURG, March 30.—The
Democratic County Committee will
meet at 2 o'clock this afternoon in
the old armory hall. Hurler is now
George F. Skilling state chairman of
the Democratic party will be the prin-
cipal speaker.

WHOOPING COUGH
No 'cure'—but helps to
duce paroxysms of coughs
VICKS

If you have not obtained a ticket you are cordially invited to attend.

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 Bell 500. N. Pittsburg Street. Tri-State 555.

for Coughs & Colds
 T. trap a different from all other
 Quick Relief No. 1. 15 Ave. South

maline Sherick and Kathryn Shlien
 Jacob V. A. New Fair has been
 ed to school at Grove City after spend
 ing his summer vacation in the

At All Drugists—30 Cents
 • A. H. WELLS APOTHECARY, NEW YORK

MARY MARIE

ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
R.H. LIVINGSTONE

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Well, Aunt Jane said stuff and nonsense, and that I was much too young to run around with silly boys. You see, Charlie Smith had walked home from school with me twice, but I had to stop that. And Fred Small was getting so he was over here a lot. Aunt Jane stopped him. Paul, Mayhew—yes, Paul Mayhew, Steve's brother—came home with me, too, and asked me to go with him tomorrow. My, how I did want to go! I wanted the ride, of course, but especially I wanted to go because he was Mrs. Mayhew's son. I just wanted to show Mrs. Mayhew. But Aunt Jane wouldn't let me. That's the time she talked specially about running around with silly boys.



Paul is No Silly Boy. He's Old Enough to Get a License to Drive His Own Car.

But she needn't have. Paul is no silly boy. He's old enough to get a license to drive his own car.

But it wasn't just because he was young that Aunt Jane refused. I found out afterward. It was because he was a kind of a man paying me attention. I found that out through Mr. Claude Livingstone. Mr. Livingstone brings our groceries. He's a real young gentleman—tall, black mustache, and lovely dark eyes. He goes to our church, and he asked me to go to the Sunday-school picnic with him. I was so pleased, and I supposed, of course, Aunt Jane would let me go with him. He's no silly boy! Besides, I knew him real well, and liked him. I used to talk to him quite a lot when he brought the groceries.

But did Aunt Jane let me go? She did not. Why, she seemed almost more shocked than she had been over Charlie Smith and Fred Small, and the others.

"Mary, child," she exclaimed, "where in the world do you pick up these people? And she brought out that 'these people' was disconcerting. Why, you'd think Mr. Livingstone was a foreign Japanese, or something.

I told her then quietly, and with dignity, and with no temper (showing), that Mr. Livingstone was not a foreign Japanese, but was a very nice gentleman; and that I had not picked him up. I came to her own door himself, almost every day.

"My own door?" exclaimed Aunt Jane. And she looked absolutely frightened. "You mean to tell me that that creature has been coming here to see you, and I don't know it?"

I told her then—again quietly and with dignity, and without temper (showing)—that he had been coming, not to see me, but in the natural performance of his profession of delivering groceries. And I said that he was not a creature. On the contrary, he was, I was sure, an estimable young man. He went to her own church and Sunday school. Besides, I could vouch for him myself, as I knew him well, having seen and talked with him almost every day for a long while, when he came to the house.

But nothing I could say seemed to have the least effect upon her at all, only to make her angrier and angrier, if anything. In fact I think she showed a great deal of temper for a Christian woman about a fellow Christian in her own church.

But she wouldn't let me go to the picnic; and not only that, but I think

she changed grocers, for Mr. Livingstone hasn't been here for a long time, and when I asked Susie where he was she looked funny, and said we weren't getting our groceries where Mr. Livingstone worked any longer.

Well, of course, that ended that. And there hasn't been any other since. That's why I say my love story doesn't seem to be getting along very well. Naturally, when it gets noisier around town that your Aunt Jane won't let you go anywhere with a young man, or let a young man come to see you, or even walk home with you after the first time—why, the young man aren't going to do very much toward making your daily life into a love story.

TWO WEEKS LATER.

A queer thing happened last night. It was like this:

I think I said before what an awfully stupid time Mary is having of it, and how I couldn't play now, or make any noise, 'cause Father has taken to hanging around the house so much. Well, listen what happened:

Yesterday Aunt Jane went to spend the day with her best friend. She said for me not to leave the house, as some member of the family should be there. She told me to sew an hour, weed an hour, dust the house downstairs and upstairs, and read some improving book an hour. The rest of the time I might amuse myself.

Amuse myself? A jolly time I could have all by myself. Even Father wasn't to be home for dinner, so I wouldn't have that excitement. He was out of town, and was not to come home till six o'clock.

It was an awfully hot day. The sun just beat down, and there wasn't a breath of air. By noon I was simply crazy with my stuffy, long-sleeved, high-necked blue gingham dress and my great clumpy shoes. It seemed all of a sudden as if I couldn't stand it—not another minute—not a single minute more—to be Mary, I mean. And suddenly I determined that for a while, just a little while, I'd be Marie again. Why couldn't I? There wasn't anybody going to be there but just myself all day long.

I ran then upstairs to the guest-room closet where Aunt Jane had made me put all my Marie dresses and things when the Mary ones came. Well, I got out the very prettiest, softest white dress there was there, and the little white slippers and the silk stockings that I loved, and the blue silk sash, and the little gold locket and chain that Mother gave me that Aunt Jane wouldn't let me wear. And I dressed up. My, didn't I dress up! And I just threw those old heavy shoes and black cotton stockings into the corner, and the blue gingham dress after them (though Mary went right away and picked the dress up; but I had the fun of throwing it, anyway). Oh, how good those Marie things did feel to Mary's hot, dried flesh and bones, and how I did dance and sing around the room in those light little slippers! Then Susie rang the dinner-bell and I went down to the dining-room feeling like a really truly young lady. I can tell you.

Susie stared, of course, and said, "My, how fine you are today!" But I didn't mind Susie.

After dinner I went out into the hall and I sang all over the house. Then I went into the parlor and played every lively thing that I could think of on the piano. And I sang there, too—silly little songs that Marie used to sing to Lester. And I tried to think I was really down there to Boston, singing to Lester, and that Mother was right in the next room waiting for me.

Then I stopped and turned around on the piano stool, and the room was just as still as death. And I knew I wasn't in Boston. I was there in Andersonville. And there wasn't any baby Lester there, nor any mother waiting for me in the next room. And all the fluffy white dresses and silk stockings in the world wouldn't make me Marie. I was really just Mary, and I had got to have three whole months more of it.

And then is when I began to cry. And I cried just as hard as I'd been singing a minute before. I was on the floor with my head in my arms on the piano stool when Father's voice came to me from the doorway.

"Mary, Mary, what in the world does this mean?"

I jumped up and stood "at attention," the way you have to, of course, when fathers speak to you. I couldn't help showing I had been crying—he had seen it. But I tried very hard to stop now. My first thought, after my startled realization that he was there, was to wonder how long he had been there—how much of all that awful singing and dancing he had heard.

"Yes, sir," I tried not to have my voice shake as I said it; but I couldn't quite help that.

"What is the meaning of this, Mary? Why are you crying?"

I shook my head. I didn't want to tell him, of course; so I just stammered out something about being sorry I had disturbed him. Then I edged toward the door to show him that if he would step one side I would go away at once and not bother him any longer.

(To be Continued.)

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That's what the Manufacturers considered when our buyer recently bought 875 New Spring Suits, Coats and Dresses at amazing price concessions.

\$25 Suits, Coats, Dresses
\$30 Suits, Coats, Dresses
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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

—At—

\$13.90

A Sale That Will Excite All Fayette County



This sale begins tomorrow, Friday morning, as soon as the doors open at 8:30 and you will have a better choice if you make arrangements to BE HERE EARLY.

The Greatest Sale of Easter
SUITS
—and—
COATS
Ever Held

Values \$25.00 to \$40.00

The Suits at \$13.90 Are

Tweeds, Tricotines, Poiret Twills—in box coat and tailored styles. Some fancy embroidered and braided. All sizes for Women and Misses.

Every garment in the lot a rare bargain at this price.

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Sports Coats in a wide range of plaid novelties. Belted and loose. Capes of Tweeds and Velours. Also handsome Dressy Coats and Fringed Wraps. It would be impossible to not find exactly what you want. Sizes for Women and Misses.

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Out of town customers are especially invited to take advantage of this event, as we want them to share in the most remarkable sale of its kind we have ever held.



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Dresses
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EASTER DRESSES

Values \$25 to \$40

All the Beautiful New Fabrics Are Represented

Fine Canton Crepes, Roshanaras, Crepe Back Satins, Soft New Taffetas, Pollette Crepes, Krepe Knit, Charmeuse, New Georgettes, Crepe Satin Combined with Lace and Georgette.

And the trimmings include all the most beautiful and artistic of Spring ideas—Novel designs of beads and embroidery, dainty silken flowers, bright bits of metallic and clever ribbon trimmings—Truly the loveliest Dresses you could hope to find, no matter where or how long you looked, for \$13.90.

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Don't fail to attend the Greatest Ready-to-Wear Sale of the Season.

Don't Neglect a Cold

Mothers, don't let colds get under way at the first cough or snuffle rub Musterole on the throat and chest.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It draws out congestion, relieves soreness, does all the work of the good old-fashioned mustard plaster in a gentler way, without the blister.

Keep a jar handy for all emergencies! It may prevent pneumonia in your home. 35¢ in jars & tubes; hospital size, \$3.50. BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



